



THE ^{117/63 ppp 60}
LIFE and DEATH
OF
RICHARD
THE
SECOND.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

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M D C C X X X I V .

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Richard the Second.

Duke of York,

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, } Uncles to the King.

Bolingbroke, Son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King
Henry the Fourth.

Aumelle, Son to the Duke of York.

Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Salisbury.

Bushy, }

Bagot, }

Green, }

 } Servants to King Richard.

Earl of Northumberland,

Percy, Son to Northumberland, }

Rofs, }

Willoughby, }

Bishop of Carlisle, }

Sir Stephen Scroop, }

Fitzwater, }

Surry, }

Abbot of Westminster, }

Sir Pierce of Exton. }

 } Friends to King Richard.

 } Lords in the Parliament.

 } Lords in the Parliament.

 } Lords in the Parliament.

 } Lords in the Parliament.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloucester.

Duchess of York.

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Two Gardiners, Keeper, Messenger, and other Attendants.

SCENE ENGLAND.

THE



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles
and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.

LD *John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lan-
caster,*

Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold
son,

Here to make good the boist'rous late ap-
peal,

Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?*

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him;
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,

Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness; no invertebrate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea; hasty as fire.

S C E N E II.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious soveraign, my most loving liege.

Mowb. Each day still better others happiness;
Until the heavens envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown.

K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely t'appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of *Hereford*, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Boling. First, Heaven be the record to my speech.
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appelliant to this princely presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant. *

Mowb.

* — a miscreant.

Too good to be so, and too bad to live.

King RICHARD II.

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Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal,
 'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
 The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this,
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
 First the fair rev'rence of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
 Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat,
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 Let him but be no kinsman to my liege,
 And I defie him, and I spit at him,
 Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain;
 Which to maintain, I wou'd allow him odds,
 And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where never *Englishman* durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,
 By all my hopes most falsly doth he lye.

Boling. Pale t' embling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 (Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except :)
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly;
 Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
 With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat.
 And wish, so please my soveraign, ere I move,
 What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may

Mowb. Let not, &c.

A 3

[prove.
Mowb.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that sword I swear;
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly tryal;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight.

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to *Mowbray's* charge?

It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look what I said, my life shall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings; for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments;
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battel prove,
Or here or elsewhere, to the furthest verge,
That ever was survey'd by *English* eye;
That all the treasons for these eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further, I say, and further will maintain,
That he did plot the Duke of *Gloucester's* death,
Suggest his soon believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor-coward,
Shed out his innocent soul through streams of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abel's*, cries
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement.
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slanderer of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. *Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son;

Now

Now by my scepter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, *Mowbray*, so art thou,
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest?
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Calais*,
Disburst I to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.
Now swallow down that lye. For *Gloucester's* death,
I slew him not, but to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble lord of *Lancaster*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and most degen'rate traitor:
Which in my self I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove my self a loyal gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our tryal-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood: *

A 4

Good

* ——— without letting blood:

This

Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age;
Throw down, my son, the Duke of *Norfolk's* gage.

K. Rich. And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when?

Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. My self I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot;
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despight of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul, with slander's venom'd spear:
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:

Give me his gage: Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their spots: take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest,

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one:

Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try,

In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

This we prescribe though no physician,
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, &c.

King RICHARD II.

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Boling. Oh heav'n defend my soul from such foul sin,
 Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight,
 Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,
 Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or sound so bale a parole, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,
 And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray's* face.

[Exit Gaunt.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command,
 Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
 Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
 At *Coventry* upon Saint *Lambert's* day.
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling difference of your settled hate:
 Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
 Justice decide the victor's chivalry.
 Lord Marshal, bid our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Gaunt and Dutchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Gloster's* blood,
 Doth more solicit me than your exclams,
 To stir against the butchers of his life.
 But since correction lyeth in those hands,
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heav'n;
 Who when it sees the hours ripe on earth,
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's sev'n sons, whereof thy self art one,
 Were as sev'n vials of his sacred blood;
 Or sev'n fair branches springing from one root:
 Some of those sev'n are dry'd by nature's course;
 Some of those branches by the dest'nies cut:

A 5

But

But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Glo'ster*,
 (One vial full of *Edward's* sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root)
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
 Is hackt down, and his summer's leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe!
 Ah *Gaunt*! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
 That metal, that self-mould; that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st
 Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death;
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is despair.
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
 That which in mean men we entitle patience,
 Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to'venge my *Glo'ster's* death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in his fight,
 Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
 Let God revenge, for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my self?

Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then I will: farewell, old *Gaunt* farewell.
 Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold
 Our cousin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
 O sit my husband's wrongs on *Hereford's* spear,
 That it may enter butcher *Mowbray's* breast!
 Or if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be *Mowbray's* sin so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caytiff recreant to my cousin *Hereford*!
 Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy sometime brother's wife
 With her companion grief, must ead her life.

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to *Coventry*.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

Dutch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where
it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York*.
Lo, this is all—nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go:
I shall remember more. Bid him—oh, what?
With all good speed at *Plashie* visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old *York* see there
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
Un-peopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where;
All desolate, will I from hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Lists, at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. MY lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
M *Aum.* Yes, at all points, and longs to
enter in.

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of th' Appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*]

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles:
when they are set, Enter the Duke of Norfolk in arms
defendant.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms;

A:k

Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, say who thou
art? [To Mowb.]

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which he.v'n forbid a knight should violate,)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of my self,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

*The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke appellant, in
armour.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war:
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou
hither,

Before King *Richard*, in his royal lists? [To Boling.]
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heav'n!

Boling. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby*
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshal, and such officers

Appointed

Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty :
For *Mowbray* and my self are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. Th' Appellant in all duty greets your highness,
[To K. Rich.

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms,
Cousin of *Hereford*, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight ;
Farewel, my blood, which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray's* spear :
As confident as is the Faulcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray's* fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you, *
Of you, my noble Cousin, lord *Aumerle*.
Oh thou ! the earthly author of my blood, [To Gaunt,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray's* waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of *John a Gaunt*
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,

* — Lord *Aumerle* :

Not sick although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at *English* feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest, last, to make the end most sweet :
Oh thou —

And

Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, say who thou
art? [To Mowb.]

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

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Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which he v'n forbid a knight should violate,)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
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And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of my self,
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To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
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That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
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Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists,
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Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty :
For *Mowbray* and my self are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. Th' Appellant in all duty greets your highness,
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And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms,
Cousin of *Hereford*, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight ;
Farewel, my blood, which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray's* spear :
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Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray's* waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of *John a Gaunt*
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,

* — Lord *Aumerle* :

Not sick although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at *English* feasts, so I regret
The daintiest, last, to make the end most sweet :
Oh thou —

And

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled on,
 Fall like amazing thunder on the cask
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.
 Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, God and St. *George* to thrive!

Mowb. However heav'n or fortune cast my lot,
 There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard's* throne,
 A loyal, just and upright gentleman:
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
 His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This fest of battel, with mine adversary.
 Most mighty Liege, and my companion peers,
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;
 As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
 Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord, securely I espy
 Virtue with valour, couched in thine eye.
 Order the tryal, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
 Receive thy launce, and heav'n defend thy right.

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*

Mar. Go bear this launce to *Thomas Duke of Norfolk.*

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
 Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,
 On pain to be found false and recreant;
 To prove the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,*
 A traitor to his God, his King and him,
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
 To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal:
 Courageously, and with a free desire,

Attending but the signal to begin. [*A charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound trumpets, and set forward combatants,
 — But stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,
 And

And both return back to their chairs again :
 Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,
 While we return these Dukes what we decree.

[A long flourish.]

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;
 And, for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
 Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours swords ;
 And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 With rival-hating envy, set you on,
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;
 (Which thus rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,
 And harsh resounding trumpets dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindreds blood :)
 Therefore, we banish you our territories.
 You cousin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not re-greet our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : this must my comfort be,
 That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me :
 And those his golden beams to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
 The fl.-slow hours shall not determinate
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile :
 The hopeless word, of *never to return*,
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign Liege,
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native *English*, now I must forgo ;

And

And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp,
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
 Or being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony. *

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now :
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate ;
 After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's
 light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands :

Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n

(Our part therein we banish with your selves,)

To keep the oath that we administer :

You never shall, so help you truth, and heav'n,

Embrace each others love in banishment,

Nor ever look upon each others face,

Nor ever write, re-greet, or reconcile

This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate,

Nor ever by advised purpose meet,

To plot, contrive, or consplot any ill,

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy :

By this time, had the King permitted us,

One of our souls had wandred in the air,

*——the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my goaler to attend on me.

I am too old——

Banish'd

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land.
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm,
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke*; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence;
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I stray,
Save back to *England*; all the world's my way.

[*Exit*;

S C E N E V.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away; six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs
End in a word; such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For ere the six years that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oyl-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why uncle? thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canst
give;
Shorten my days thou canst with fullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

Thy

King RICHARD II.

Thy word is current with him, for my death;
But dead, the kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice;
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to low'r?

Gaunt. Things sweet to tast, prove in digestion sow'r:
You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my self this wrong.
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [Flourish.
[Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Aun. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not
know,

From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

King RICHARD II.

19

The precious jewel of thy home return,
 All places that the eye of heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus :
 There is no virtue like necessity.
 Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not, the King exil'd thee. Or suppose
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lye that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st,
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;
 The gra's whereon thou tread'st, the presence-floor ;
 The flow'rs fair ladies ; and thy steps no more
 Than a delightful measure or a dance.

Being. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus* ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in *December* snow
 By thinking on fantastick summer's heat ?
 Oh no, the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse ;
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy
 way ;
 Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then *England's* ground farewell ; sweet soil
 adieu,
 My mother and my nurse, which bears me yet.
 Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born *Englishman*. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

*Enter King Richard, and Bushy, &c. at one door, and
 the Lord Aumerle at the other.*

K. Rich. We did indeed observe — Cousin *Aumerle*;
 How

How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way ?

Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him so,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were
shed ?

Aum. Faith none by me ; except the north-east wind,
(Which then blew bitterly against our faces)
Awak'd the sleepy rheume, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said your cousin when you parted
with him ?

Aum. Farewel.

And for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
But would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewels ;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our kinsman, cousin ; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our self, and *Bushby*, *Bagot* here and *Green*
Observ'd his courtship to the common people ;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesie,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
 wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affections with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
A brace of dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;
As were our *England* in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go these
thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,

Expe-

Expedient manage must be made, my Liege ;
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will our self in person to this war ;
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largesse, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand ; if they come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters :
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants :
For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. What news ?

Bushy. Old *John of Gaunt* is sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste
T' inreat your Majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bushy. At *Ely-house*.

K. Rich. Now put it, heav'n, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately :
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these *Irish* wars.
Come gentlemen, let's all go visit him :
Pray heav'n we may make haste, and come too late.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York.

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my
last

In wholesom counsel to his unstay'd youth ?

York. Vex not your self, and strive not with your
breath,

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmony :

Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain. *

York. His ear is stop't with other flat'ring charms,
As praises of his state ; there are beside
Lascivious meeters, to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen :
Report of fashions in proud *Italy*,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,

That

* ——— their words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to close ;
More are mens ends mark'd than their lives before :

The setting sun, and musick in the close

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance, more than things long past,

Though *Richard* my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear,

York. His ear ———

That is not quickly buz'd into his ears?
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wits regard. *

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd
 And thus expiring, do foretel of him,
 His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
 Small show'rs last long, but sudden storms are short;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder;
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon it self.
 This royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd Isle,
 This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other *Eden*, demy *Paradise*,
 This fortress built by Nature for her self,
 Against infection, and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world;
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happy lands;
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
 Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
 For christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*
 Of the world's ransom, blessed *Mary's* son;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of

* ——— with wits regard.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am——

Of watry Neptune, is bound in with shame,
 With inky-blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
 That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of it self.
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my insuing death!

S C E N E II.

Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Busby, Green,
 Bagot, Rofs and Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
 For young hot colts, inrag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaster*?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged
Gaunt? *

* ——— with aged *Gaunt*.

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition!
 Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping *England* long time I have watcht,
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt;
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast, I mean my childrens looks,
 And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock it self:
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou now a dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou dy'st though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knows I see thee ill
 Ill in my self——

Gaunt,

Gaunt. Ill in my self, but seeing thee too, ill,
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
 And thou, too careless patient, as thou art,
 Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure
 Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
 A thousand flatt'ers sit within thy crown,
 Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
 And yet engag'd in so small a verge,
 Thy waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
 Oh had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye,
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame;
 Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
 Who art possess'd now to depose thy self.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease:
 But for thy world enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
 Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King:
 Thy state of law, is bondslave to the law,
 And——

K. Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal Majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great *Edward's* son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not, my brother *Edward's* son;
 For that I was his father *Edward's* son.
 That blood already, like the Pelican,
 Hast thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carows'd.
 My brother *Glo'ster*, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heav'n 'mongst happy souls)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling *Edward's* blood.
 Join with the present sickness that I have,
 And thy untindness be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too long-wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be.
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
 Love they to live, that love and honour have. [Exit.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and fullens have;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your Majesty impute
 His words to wayward fickliness, and age:
 He loves you on my life, and holds you dear
 As *Harry Duke of Hereford*, were he here.

K. Rich. Right you say true; as *Hereford's* love, so
 his;
 As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

S C E N E III.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your
 Majesty.

K. Rich. What says old *Gaunt*?

North. Nay nothing, all is said:
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument,
 Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

York. Be *York* the next that must be bankrupt so;
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
 So much for that. Now for our *Irish* wars;
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
 Which live like venom, where no venom else
 But only they, have privilege to live.

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance we do seize to us
 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
 Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did stand possessor.

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not *Glo'ster's* death, nor *Hereford's* banishment,
 Not *Gaunt's* rebukes, nor *England's* private wrongs;
 Nor

Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
 About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
 Have ever made me fow'r my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
 I am the last of noble *Edward's* sons,
 Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was first:
 In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
 In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild
 Than was that young and princely gentleman;
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours.
 But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
 And not against his friends: His noble hand
 Did win what he did spend; and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 Oh *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. *Rich.* Why uncle, what's the matter?

York. Oh, my Liege, *

Seek you to seize, and gripe it to your hands
 The royalties and rights of banish'd *Hereford*?
 Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
 Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 Take *Hereford's* rights away, and take from time
 His charters, and his customary rights.
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day,
 Be not thy self. For how art thou a King
 But by fair succession and succession?
 If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford's* right,
 Call in his letters patents that he hath,
 By his attorney's-general, to sue

* — my Liege,

Pardon if you please; if not,

I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content.

Seek you to seize, &c.

His livery, and deny his offer'd homage ;
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head ;
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts ;
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will ; we seize into our
 hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while ; my Liege, farewell ;
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
 But by bad courses may be understood,
 That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

K. Rich. Go, *Bushy*, to the Earl of *Wiltshire* straight,
 Bid him repair to us to *Ely-house*,
 To see this business done : to-morrow next
 We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time I trow.
 And we create, in absence of our self,
 Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England* :
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
 Come on our Queen, to-morrow must we part ;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.

[Exeunt King, Queen, &c.]

S C E N E IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, and Ros.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.
 Ros. And living too, for now his son is Duke.

Will. Barely in title ; not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ros. My heart is great, but it must break with silence,
 Ere't be disburthen'd with a lib'ral tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak
 more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Will. Tends what you'd speak, to th' Duke of *Here-*
ford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man :

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ros. No good at all that I can do for him,
 Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now afore heav'n, it's shame fuch wrongs are
born,

In him a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land;
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely profecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Rofs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fin'd
For antient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what:
But what o'God's name doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath
not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Rofs. The Earl of *Wiltshire* hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Rofs. He hath not money for these *Irish* wars,
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

North. His noble kinsman—most degenerate King!
But lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Rofs. We see the very wreck that we must suffer,
And unavoidable the danger now,
For suff'ring so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so: ev'n through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rofs. Be confident to speak, *Northumberland*;
We three are but thy self, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus, my friends. I have from *Port'e Blanc,*

A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald lord Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbishop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir John Rainston*,
Sir John Norberie, *Sir Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines*,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we will shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broken pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high Majesty look like it self:
Away with me in haste to *Ravensturg*.
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and my self will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse; urge doubts to them that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Court of England.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. **M** Adam, your Majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the
King,
To lay aside self-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheartful disposition.

Queen.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please my self
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard*: yet again methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief it self, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form. So your sweet Majesty
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself to wail,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your lord's departure, more's not teen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; most heavy sad. *

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so, *

* — heavy sad.

As though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing —

* — mine is not so,

For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe I wot.

Enter Green —

But what it is, not known, 'tis nameless woe.

SCENE VI.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n save your Majesty, and well met gentlemen :

I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is :
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt ?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driv'n into despair an enemy
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himself ;
And with up-lifted arms is safe arriv'd
At *Ravensburg*.

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid !

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true ; and what is worse,
The lord *Northumberland*, his young son *Percy*,
The lords of *Ross*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their pow'ful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
And all of that revolted faction, traitors ?

Green. We have : whereon the Earl of *Worcester*
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke*.

Queen. So *Green*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bolingbroke* my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gasping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, Madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck
Oh full of careful business are his looks,
Uncle, for heav'n's sake, comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support my self.
Now comes the sick hour after surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was; why so, go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford's* side.
Get thee to *Plashie*, to my sister *Glo'ster*;
Bid her send presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't?

Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutchess dy'd.

York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this woful land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heav'n,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there posts dispatch'd for *Ireland*?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come sister, (cousin, I would say,) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

[To the Servant.

B 5

And

And bring away the armour that is there.
 Gentlemen, will you go and muster men?
 If I know how to order these affairs,
 Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,
 Never believe me. They are both my kinsmen;
 The one my sovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bids defend; th'other again
 My kinsman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd,
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do: come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you. Go muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at *Barkley* castle:
 I should to *Plashie* too,
 But time will not permit. All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt* York and Queen.]

S C E N E VIII.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
 But none returns; for us to levy power
 Proportionable to the enemy,
 Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love,
 Is near the hate of those, love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wav'ring commons, for their
 love
 Lies in their purses; and who empties them,
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the King stands g'n'rally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lye in them, then so do we,
 Because we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I'll for refuge strait to *Bristol* castle;
 The Earl of *Wiltshire* is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
 The hateful commons will perform for us,
 Except like curs. to tear us all in pieces:
 Will you go with us?

Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majesty.
 Farewel: if hearts presages be not vain,
 We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy,

Bushy. That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke*.

Green. Alas poor Duke, the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

Bushy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me never.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

In Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. **H**OW far is it, my lord, to *Barkley* now?

North. I am a stranger here in *Glostershire*:

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways

Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:

And yet our fair discourse has been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way

From *Ravenspurg* to *Cotshold* will be found,

In *Ross* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company,

Which I protest hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel:

But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have

The present benefit that I profess:

And hope to joy, is little less in joy,

Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done,

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company

Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my son, young *Harry Percy*.

Sent from my brother *Worcester*: whence soever,

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I thought, my lord, t'have learn'd his health
of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy.

Percy. No, my good lord, he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and disperst
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravenspurg*,
To offer service to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And sent me o'er by *Barkley*, to discover
What pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to *Ravenspurg*.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be sure
I count my self in nothing else so happy,
As in a sou'ner bringing my good friends:
And as my love ripens with thy love,
It shall be still my true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to *Barkley*? and what stir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle by yond tuft of trees,
Man'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the lords, *York*, *Bradley*, *Seymour*;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords; I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labours recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling.

Boling. Evermore thanks (th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here ?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my lord of *Barkley*, as I guefs.

Bark. Lord *Hereford*, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seek that name in *England*,
And I must find that title in your tongue,

Bark. Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.

To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on,
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

S C E N E X.

Enter York.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in person. Noble uncle ! [*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle !

York. I am no traitor's uncle ; that word grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden legs,
Dar'd once to touch a dust of *England's* ground ?
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles into her peaceful bosom,
Fright'ning her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despis'd arms ?

Com'st thou because th' anointed King is hence ?]

Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt* thy father, and my self
Relcu'd the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,

Forth from the ranks of many thousand *French* ;

Oh then, how quick'y should this arm of mine,

Now

Now prisoner to the palfie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye;
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. O then, my father!

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond? my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin King, be King of *England*,
It must be granted I am Duke of *Lancaster*.

You have a son, *Aumerle*, my noble kinsman:
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.

I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all, are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Rofs. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,

To

To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my pow'r is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So farewell.
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept;
But we must win your grace to go with us
To *Bristol-Castle*, which they say is held
By *Bushy*, *Bagot*, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go: but yet I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress, are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XI.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Cap. MY lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept your countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King:
Therefore we all disperse our selves: farewell.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welckman*:
The King reposeth all his trust in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not stay.
The

The Bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heav'n;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap;
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other hope t' enjoy by rage and war.
 These signs forerun the death of Kings——

Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [Exit.

Salis. Ah *Richard*, ah, with eyes of heavy mind,
 I see thy glory like a shooting star,
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament:
 Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
 And crossly to thy good, all fortune goes. [Exit.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's Camp.

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy,
 Willoughby, with Bushy and Green Prisoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth these men——
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
 (Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
 With too much urging your pernicious lives;
 For 'twere no charity: yet to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 You have misled a Prince, a royal King,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappy'd, and disfigur'd clean.
 You have in manner with your sinful hours

Male

Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him ;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs,
 My self, a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
 Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,)
 Have stoopt my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my *English* breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment :
 While you have fed upon my feignories ;
 Dis-park'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods :
 From mine own windows torn my household coat,
 Raz'd out my Impress; leaving me no sign,
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
 To execution, and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Than *Bolingbroke* to *England*.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our souls,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd.
 Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house ;
 For heav'n's sake, fairly let her be intreated ;
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle : come my lords, away,
 To fight with *Glendower*, and his complices ;
 A while to work, and after holiday. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Changes to the Coast of Wales.

Flourish : Drums and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. **B**Arkloughly-castle call you this?
Aum. Yea, my good lord; how brooks
 your grace the air,

After your tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
 To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child,
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
 So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:

But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads, lye in their way,
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it I prythee with a lurking adder;
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King
 Shall fault under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord, that pow'r that made you
 King

Hath pow'r to keep you King, in spite of all.
 The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And

And not neglected : else if heaven would
 And we would not, heaven's offer we refuse,
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Ann. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,
 Whilst *Bolingbroke*, through our security,
 Grows strong and great, in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Di'comfortable cousin, know'st thou not,
 That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid
 Behind the globe, that lights the lower world;
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
 In murders, and in outrage bloody here.
 But when from under this terrestrial ball
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
 And darts his light through every guilty hole;
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
 The cloke of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
 So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
 Who all this while has revell'd in the night,
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,
 Shall see us rising in our throne, the east;
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day;
 But self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed King;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord.
 For ev'ry man that *Bolingbroke* hath prest,
 To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,
 Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly pay
 A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall, for heav'n still guards the right.

S C E N E III.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord, how far off lies your pow'r?

Salis. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm; discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair:

One

One day (too late I fear, my noble lord)
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
 Oh call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men.
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state.
 For all the *Welshmen* hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, dispers'd and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled. *
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side,
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot my self: am I not King?
 Awake, thou coward Majesty, thou sleepest;
 Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
 Arm, arm my name; a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
 Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
 High be our thoughts. I know my uncle *York*
 Hath pow'r to serve our turn. But who comes here?

S C E N E IV.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my Liege,
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
 The worst is worldly loss thou can't unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
 And what loss is it to be rid of care?
 Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be, if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellows so.
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

* ———— and they are fled,

And till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
 All souls ————

They

They break their faith to God as well as us.

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Majesty, boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown:
The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal Ewe, against thy state:
Yea distaff-women manage rusty bills.
Against thy seat both old and young rebel,
And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill,
Where is the Earl of *Wiltshire*? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Bushy*? where is *Green*?
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they've made peace with *Bolingbroke*. [*Lord.*

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man;
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart;
Three *Judasses*, each one thrice worse than *Judas*!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sow'rest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you
curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Act III.

Aun. Is *Bushy*, *Green*, and th' Earl of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Bristol* lost their heads.

Aun. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

- ' Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
- ' Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
- ' Write sorrow in the bosom of the earth!
- ' Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills;
- ' And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
- ' Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
- ' Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke's*,
- ' And nothing can we call our own, but death;
- ' And that small model of the barren earth
- ' Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
- ' For heav'n's sake let us sit upon the ground,
- ' And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
- ' How some have been depos'd, some slain in war:
- ' Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossef'd:
- ' Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
- ' All murther'd.—For within the hollow crown,
- ' That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
- ' Keeps Death his court, and there the Antick sits
- ' Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
- ' Allowing him a breath, a little scene
- ' To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
- ' Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
- ' As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
- ' Were brass impregnable: and humour'd thus,
- ' Comes at the last, and with a little pin
- ' Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell King!
- ' Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
- ' With solemn rev'rence: throw away respect,
- ' Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
- ' For you have but mistook me all this while:
- ' I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
- ' Taste grief, need friends, like you: subjected thus,
- ' How can you say to me I am a King?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail :
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe ; *
And so your follies fight against your self.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well : proud *Bolingbroke*,
I come——

Say, *Scroop*, where lyes our uncle with his power ?

Scroop. I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Besnrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair.
What say you now ? what comfort have we now ?
By heav'n I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-castle*, there I'll pine away :
A King, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey :

* ——unto your foe ;

Fear, and be slain, no worse can come from fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing, dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a pow'r, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well : proud *Bolingbroke*, I
come

To change blows with thee, for our day of doom ;
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown,
An easie task it is to win our own.

Say, *Scroop*, where lyes our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sower.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day ;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say :
And so——

That

That pow'r I have, discharge, and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow.
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this; for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege; one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flat'ries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them away,
From *Richard's* night to *Bolingbroke's* fair day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Bolingbroke's Camp.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and Attendants.

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn
The *Welshmen* are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord,
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord *Northumberland*,
To say King *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief, to shorten you the head.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppose my self
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against your entrance.

Boling.

King RICHARD II.

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Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond lime and stone;
And with him lord *Aumerle*, lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, besides a clergy-man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the bishop of *Carlisle*.

Boling. Noble lord,

[To *North*]

Go to the rude ribs of that antient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of Bolingbroke upon his knees
Doth kiss King *Richard's* hand, and sends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal person:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted;
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the summer's dust with show'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen*.
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King *Richard's* land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go signifie as much; while here we march
Upon the grassie carpet of this plain,
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King *Richard* and my self should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring smook
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n: *
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

* — cheeks of heav'n:

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, &c.

C

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Parle without, and answer within; then a flourish.
Enter on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Car-
lisle, Aumerle, Scroop and Salisbury.

See, see, King *Richard* doth himself appear
 As doth the blushing discontented sun,
 From out the fiery portal of the East,
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
 Of his bright passage to the Occident.

York. Yet looks he like a King; behold his eye,
 As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling Majesty; alack, for woe,
 That any harm should stain so fair a show.

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To North.*
 Because we thought our self thy lawful King;
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence?
 If we be not, shew us the hand of God,
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship.
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
 Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think, that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
 And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
 Is must'ring in his clouds on our behalf
 Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot;
 That list your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond methinks he is)
 That every stride he makes upon the land
 Is dangerous treason; he is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war.

But

King RICHARD II.

1

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers sons
Shall ill become the flow'r of *England's* face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastor's grass with faithful *English* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our lord the
King

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon: no, thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry of Belingbroke, doth kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears
That stands upon your royal grandfire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious head),
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to rust;
His barbed steeds to stables; and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a Prince, is just;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the King returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase our self, cousin, do we not, [To *Aum.*]
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle
words,

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

King RICHARD II.

K. *Rich.* Oh God, oh God ! that e'er this tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again,
With words of sooth; oh that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swell'st thou proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. *Rich.* What must the King do now ? must he submit ?

The King shall do it : must he be depos'd ?
The King shall be contented : must he lose
The name of King ? o'God's name let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff ;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high way ;
Some way of common trade, where subject's feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head. *
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin.
We'll make foul weather with despis'd tears :
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,

* ——— sovereign's head.

For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live ;
And bury'd once, why not upon my head ?

Aumerle, &c.

Till they have fretted us a pair of graves. *
 Most mighty Prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
 What says King *Bolingbroke*? will his Majesty
 Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
 You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you, may't please you to come down:

K. Rich. Down, down I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades. *

Boling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man;
 Yet he is come.

Boling. Stand all ap art, and show
 Fair duty to his Majesty.

My gracious lord—— [Kneels.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
 Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
 Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesie. *

*——a pair of graves,
 Within the earth; and therein laid, there lyes
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes;
 Would not this ill do well? well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
 Most mighty Prince, &c.

*——of unruly jades.
 In the base court? base court where Kings grow base,
 To come at traitors calls, and do them grace.
 In the base court come down? down court, down King,
 For Night-owls shriek, where mounting Larks should sing.
Boling. What, &c.

*——your courtesie.
 Up, cousin, up, your heart is up, I know,
 Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Boling. My, &c.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserv'd: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes,
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.

Set on towards London. Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no. [*Flourish, Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Garden.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. **W**HAT sport shall we devise here in this
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girls; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady. Of either, Madam.

Queen. Of neither, girls.

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow:

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
 For what I have, I need not to repeat :
 And what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause :
 But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me
 good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.
 (Let's step into the shadow of these trees,
 My wretchedness suits with a row of pines.)

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners ;
 They'll talk of State, for every one doth so,
 Against a change ; woe is fore-run with woe.

[Queen and ladies retire.]

Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
 Which like unruly children, make their Sire
 Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
 Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
 Go thou, and like an executioner
 Cut off the heads of two fast-growing sprays,
 That look too lofty in our common-wealth :
 All must be even in our government.
 You thus employ'd, I will go root away
 The noisom weeds, that without profit suck
 The soil's fertility from wholsom flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
 Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
 Shewing as in a model, our firm state ?
 When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
 Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choak'd up,
 Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
 Her knots disorder'd, and her wholsom herbs
 Swarming with Caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
 Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.

The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did smelter,
 (That seem'd in eating him, to hold him up,)
 Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
 I mean the Earl of *Wiltshire*, *Bushy*, *Green*.

Serv. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,

And *Bolingbroke* hath seiz'd the wasteful King.
 What pity is it, that he had not trimm'd
 And dress'd his land; as we this garden dress,
 And wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
 Lest being over-proud with sap and blood,
 With too much riches it confound it self;
 Had he done so to great and growing men,
 They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
 Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
 Had he done so, himself had born the crown,
 Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
 'Tis doubted he will be. Letters last night
 Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh I am prest to death through want of
 speaking:

Thou *Adam's* likeness, set to dress this garden,
 How dares thy tongue sound this unpleasing news?
 What *Eve*, what Serpent hath suggested thee,
 To make a second fall of cursed man?
 Why dost thou say King *Richard* is depos'd?
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfall? say, where, when, and how
 Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
 To breathe these news; yet what I say is true;
 King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
 Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
 In your Lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light;

But

But in the ballance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Besides himself are all the *English* peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me?
And am I last that know it? Oh thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
The sorrow in my breast. Come ladies, go,
To meet at *London*, *London's* King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my sad look,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke*!
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Ex. Queen and ladies.*]

Gard. Poor *Queen*, so that thy state might be no
worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she drop a tear, here in this place
I'll set a bank of *Rue*, sow'r herb of grace:
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping *Queen*.

[*Ex. Gard, and Serv.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

L O N D O N.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

B O L I N G B R O K E.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble *Glo'ster's* death?

C 5

Who

Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end?

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord *Aumerle*.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Gloſter's* death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful *English* court
As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?
Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay, you rather had reſuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding,
How bleſt this land would be in this your couſin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. *Bagot*, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair ſun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble *Gloſter's* death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt,
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy.

Percy. *Aumerle*, thou liest; his honour is as true,
 In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
 And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
 To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest point
 Of mortal breathing: Setze it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
 And never brandish more revengeful steel
 Over the glittering helmet of my foe.
 Who sets me else? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
 I have a thousand spirits in my breast,
 To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surry. My lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
 The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.

Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;
 And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surry. As false, by heav'n, as heav'n it self is true.

Fitzw. *Surry*, thou liest.

Surry. Dishonourable boy,
 That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
 That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
 Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, rest
 In earth as quiet, as thy father's scull.
 In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
 Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
 If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
 I dare meet *Surry* in a wilderness,
 And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
 And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
 To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
 Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolk* say,
 That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men
 To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.

Aum. Some honest christian trust me with a Gage,
 That *Norfolk* lies: here do I throw down this,
 If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These Differences shall all rest under gage,
 Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;

And

And though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his feignories; when he's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious christian field
Streaming the ensign of the christian cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, Bishop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his soul
To th' bosom of good *Abraham*— Lords appealants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of tryal.

SCENE II.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth.

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid.

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his King?
And who sits here that is not *Richard's* subject?

Thieves

King RICHARD II.

61

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them.
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? oh, forbid it,
That in a christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stir'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford's* King.
And if you crown him, let me prophesie,
The blood of *English* shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound,
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's skulls.
Oh, if you rear this house, against his house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.

My lord of *Westminster*, be it your charge,
To keep him safely till his day of tryal.

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons suit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.

[Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

SCENE

King RICHARD II.

SCENE III.

Enter King Richard and York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee;
Give sorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand,
none. *

To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majesty did make thee offer:
The resignation of thy state and crown.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here cousin, seize the
crown.

Here on this side my hand, on that side thine. *

Now;

* ——— in twelve thousand, none.

God save the King: will no man say, *Amen*,
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, *Amen*.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what service, &c.

* ——— on that side thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich.

King RICHARD II.

Now, mark me how I will undo my self;
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all dutious oaths:
All pomp and Majesty I do forswear:
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
My acts, decrees and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd.*
What more remains?

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine;
You may my glories, and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I King of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares
down.

My care, is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay!

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. I no; no I, for I must nothing be:
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now, mark me, &c.

* — that hast all atchiev'd;
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lye Richard in an earthy pit.
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sun-shine days.
What more, &c.

King RICHARD II.

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God save the King: will no man say, *Amen*,
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, *Amen*.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what service, &c.

* ——— on that side thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich.

King RICHARD II.

63

Now, mark me how I will undo my self;
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all dutious oaths:
All pomp and Majesty I do forswear:
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
My acts, decrees and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd.*
What more remains?

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine;
You may my glories, and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I King of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares
down.

My care, is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. I no; no I, for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now, mark me, &c.

* — that hast all atchiev'd;
Long may'st thou live in *Richard's* seat to sit,
And soon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit.
God save King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* says,
And send him many years of sun-shine days.
What more, &c.

North's

North. No more; but that you read
 These accusations, and these grievous crimes
 Committed by your person, and your followers;
 Against the state and profit of this land:
 That by confessing them, the souls of men
 May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
 My weav'd-up follies? Oh *Northumberland*,
 If thy offences were upon record,
 Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
 To read a lecture of them? if thou would'st,
 There should'st thou find one heinous article,
 Containing the deposing of a King,
 And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
 Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my self,
 Though some of you with *Pilate* wash your hands,
 Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
 Have here deliver'd me to my sow'r cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot see;
 And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon my self,
 I find my self a traitor with the rest:
 For I have given here my soul's consent,
 T' undeck the pompous body of a King;
 Made glory base; a sovereign, a slave;
 Proud Majesty, a subject: state, a peasant.

North. My lord.

K. Rich. No lord of thine, insulting man;
 Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title;
 No, not that name was giv'n me at the font,
 But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now, what name to call my self.
 Oh, that I were a mockery King of snow,
 Standing before the sun of *Bolingbroke*,

To melt my self away in water drops. *
 Ah if my word be sterling yet in *England*, [To Boling.
 Let it command a mirror hi her streight,
 That i may shew me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his Majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

North Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me, ere I come to hell,

Boling Uge it no more, my lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed,
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's my self.

Enter one with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
 No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds? oh flate'ring glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me. Was this face, the face
 That every day under his household-roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face,
 That like the sun did make beholders wink? *
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face!

* — in water-drops.

Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
 Ah if my, &c.

* — beholders wink?

Is this the face, which fac'd so many follies,

That was at last out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke*?

A brittle glory shineth in this face,

As brittle as the glory is the face,

For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers.

Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,

How soon my sorrow, &c.

Boling.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow ! ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
There lies the substance : and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin ! I am greater than a King :
For when I was a King my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer :
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have ?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither ?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords, prepare your selves.

[*Ex. all but Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle and Aumerle.*]

S C E N E IV.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

* ——— to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh good ; convey : conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.

Boling. On Wednesday, &c.

Bish

Bishop. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
all feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.

Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay

A Plot shall shew us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues in London.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Caesar's* ill-erected tow'r,
To whose flint bolom, my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud *Bolingbroke.*
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
O thou the model where old *Troy* did stand,

[*To K. Rich.*]

Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard's* tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou most beauteous Inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee.

When

When triumph is become an ale-house guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not fo
To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity ; and he and I
Will keep a league til death, Hye thee to *France*,
And cloister thee in some religious house ;
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. How, is my *Richard* both in shape and mine
Transform'd and weak ? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The Lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpow'r'd : and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kifs the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beasts ?

K. Rich. A King of beasts indeed ; if ought but beasts
I had been still a happy King of men.
Good, sometime *Queen*, prepare thee hence for *France*
Think I am dead, and that ev'n here thou tak'st,
As from my death bed, my last-living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betide :
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds. *

SCENE

*——— to their beds.

For why ? the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out :
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful King.

SCENE—

SCENE II.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd :
You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.

And Madam, there is order ta'en for you :
With all swift speed, you must away to *France*.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin-gath'ring head
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all :

And he shall think, that thou which know'st the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th'usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end;
Take leave and part for you must part forthwith:

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me un-kiss the oath, 'twixt thee and me:

[To the Queen]

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where shiv'ring cold and sickness pines the clime:
My Queen to *France*; from whence set forth in pomp
She came adorned hither like sweet *May*,
Sent back like *Hallowmas*, or shortest day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North.

King RICHARD II.

Norb. That were some love, but little policy *

K. Rich. Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss again.*]
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay;
Once more adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter York and his Dutcheſs.

Dutch. MY lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,

With

* ——— but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe,
Weep thou for me in France; I for thee here:
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart,
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, &c.

With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course :
 While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, *Bolingbroke*.
 You would have thought the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage ; and that all the walls
 With painted imag'ry had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee, welcome *Bolingbroke*.
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespoke them thus ; I thank you countrymen ;
 And thus still doing, thus he past along.
Dutch. Alas ! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while ?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowle on *Richard* ; no man cry'd, God save him ;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience ;
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism it self have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To *Bolingbroke* are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son *Aumerle*.
York. *Aumerle* that was,
 But that is lost for being *Richard's* friend.
 And, Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now :
 I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
 And lasting fealty in the new-made King.

Dutch,

Dutch. Welcome, my son; who are the Violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Left you be cropt before you come to prime.

What news from *Oxford*? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know, they do.

York. You will be there.

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it.

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, Sir, I mean to see,
I fear, I fear.

Dutch. What should you fear, my lord?
'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, against the triumph.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew
it.

York. I will be satisfied, let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it, and reads.

Treason! foul treason! villain, traitor, slave!

Dutch. What's the matter, my lord?

York. Hoa, who's within there? saddle my horse.
Heav'n for his mercy! what treachery is here?

Dutch. Why, what is't, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.
Now by my honour, my life, my troth
I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace: what is the matter, son?

Aum.

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer!

SCENE V.

Enter Servant with Boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.

Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle*. (Poor boy thou art amaz'd.)

Hence, villain, never more come in my sight.

[*Speaking to the servant*]

York. Give me my boots.

Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is not he like thee? Is not he thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament;

And interchangeably have set their hands,

To kill the King at *Oxford*.

Dutch. He shall be none:

We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times

My son, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful:

But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son:

Sweet *York*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman.

Dutch. After, *Aumerle*, mount thee upon his horse,

D

[*Exit.*

Spur

Spur post, and get before him to the King,
 And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee.
 I'll not be long behind: though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as *York*:
 And never will I rise up from the ground,
 Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI,

Changes to Oxford.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty son?
 'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
 I would to heav'n, my lords, he might be found.
 Inquire at *London*, 'mongst the taverns there:
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions:
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And rob our watch, and beat our passengers.
 While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour, to support
 So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
 And told him of these triumphs held at *Oxford*.

Boling. And what said the galant?

Percy. His answer was; he would unto the stews,
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour, and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both
 I see some sparks of hope, which elder days
 May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Anmerle.

Anm. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares
 And looks so wildly?

Anm. God save your grace. I do beseech your Ma-

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*York within.*

York. My Liege beware, look to thy self,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause
to fear.

York. Open the door, secure fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

S C E N E VII.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak, take breath.
Tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou readst, thy promise past:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.

York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand set it down
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous son!

Thou clear, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages

Hath had his current, and defil'd himself.
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame;
As thistleless sons their scraping fathers gold.
Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies:
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutchesss within.*]

Dutch. What ho, my Liege, for heav'ns sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager
cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door.

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.*

Boling. My dang'rous cousin, let your mother in,
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for his forgiveness prosper may;
This fetter'd joint cut off, the rest is sound:
This let alone, will all the rest conound.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Dutchesss.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man,
Love, loving not it self, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege.
[*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees, And

* ——— begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the beggar and the King:

Boling. My dangerous cousin, &c.

King RICHARD II. 77

And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my transgressing boy.

Aun. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.
[Kneels.]

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.
[Kneels.]

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside.
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say stand up,

But pardon first, say afterwards stand up.
And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say, pardon, King, let pity teach thee how. *

D 3

Boling.

*———teach thee how,

The word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in *French*, King, say *Pardonnez moy.*

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon, pardon to destroy?

Ah my sow'r husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sets the word it self against the word.
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land,
The chopping *French* we do not understand:
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, &c.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet I am sick for fear; speak it again:

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Dutch. A God on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are. *

SCENE IX.

Enter Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King, what words
he spake?

“Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?”

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he; he spake it
twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton.

*——traitors are.

They shall not live within this world, I swear;

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle farewell, and cousin adieu;

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come my old son, I pray heav'n make thee

NEW.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
 As who should say, I would thou wert the man
 That would divorce this terror from my heart?
 Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go:
 I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

A Prison at Pomfret Castle.

Enter King Richard.

I Have been studying, how to compare
 This prison where I live, unto the world;
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but my self,
 I cannot do it, yet I'll hammer on't.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
 My soul, the father; and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts;
 And these same thoughts people this little world;
 In humour, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,
 (As thoughts of things divine) are intermixt
 With scruples, and do set the word it self
 Against the word; as thus; *Come little ones*; and then
 again,

*It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
 To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
 May rear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls:
 And for they cannot die in their own pride,
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 And shall not be the last. Like silly beggars

Who

' Who sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
 ' That many have, and others must sit there;
 ' And in this thought, they find a kind of ease,
 ' Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 ' Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 ' Thus play I in one prison, many people,
 ' And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
 ' Then treason makes me with my self a beggar,
 ' And so I am. Then crushing penury
 ' Perswades me, I was better when a King;
 ' Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
 ' Think that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
 ' And streight am nothing——but what-e'er I am,
 ' Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 ' With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 ' With being nothing——Music do I hear? [*Musick.*
 Ha, ha, keep time: how sow'r sweet music is
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
 So is it in the music of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numbring clock;
 My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar,
 Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch;
 Whereeto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, Sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell; so sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Shew minutes, hours, and times——O but my time
 Runs posting on, in *Bolingbroke's* proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his jack o'th' clock.
 This music mads me, let it sound no more;
 For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
 In me it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me,
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to *Richard*
 Is a strange brooch, in this all-hating world.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince. *

K. Rich. What art? how com'st thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rd's York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my, sometime, master's face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gail'd, and tir'd by jaunting *Bolingbroke*.

SCENE

*——royal Prince.

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapest of us, is ten groats too dear,
What art thou? and how com'st, &c.

SCENE XII.

Enter Keeper with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

[To the Grooms.]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *[Exit.]*

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do

Keep. My lord, I dare not; for Sir Pierce of Exton, who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The Dev'l take Henry of Lancaster, and thee. Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. *[Beats the Keeper.]*

Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton and Servants.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument; *[Snatching a Sword.]*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. *[Kills another.]*
Exton strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quickning fire,
That staggers thus my person: thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.
Mount, mount my soul, thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. *[Dies.]*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood,
Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good!
For now the devil that told me I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

King RICHARD II.



SCENE XIII.

SCENE changes.

Flourish: Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords
and attendants.

Boling. **K**ind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First to thy sacred state with I all happiness;
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of *Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt* and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper.]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitzw. My lord, I have from *Oxford* sent to *London*
The heads of *Broccas*, and *Sir Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, *Fitz-water*, shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter *Percy* and the *Bishop of Carlisle*.

Percy. The grand conspirator, *Abbot of Westminster*,
With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:

But

But here is *Carlisle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. *Carlisle*, this is your doom :

Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife.
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee I have seen.

Enter Exton with a coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. *Exton* I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of slaughter with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this
deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need ;
Nor do I thee, though I did wish him dead ;
I hate the murth'rer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, or light.
Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent :
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier. [Exeunt omnes,

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